

Its Time Has Come

Lyrics: John Frederick Mason

Music: Carsten Borbye Nielsen

♩ = 60 /b♭ /a♭ /a B♭m E♭add9 /f

On mos - sy banks the mush-room grow and spread their pores on fo - rest

5 G♭ E♭/g A♭

floors. A - mong the hed - ges, rose - hips glow and

8 B♭m F B♭m

bit - ter sloe. The gold leaves fall, the cold wind blows, and

11 F E♭m/G♭ F B♭m F 1.-4. 5.

au - tumn knows, yes au-tumnknows its time has come. come.

On mossy banks the mushrooms grow
and spread their pores
on forest floors.
Among the hedges, rosehips glow
and bitter sloe.
The gold leaves fall, the cold wind blows;
and autumn knows,
yes, autumn knows
its time has come.

Now silhouetted row on row
the trees are bare
in empty air.
And black against the piling snow,
a single crow.
The nights are long, the rivers froze;
and winter knows,
yes, winter knows
its time has come.

Ice melts and frees the moving floes.
The songbirds fill
each daffodil.
In filtered sun the first bees browse
the hanging boughs
of apple blossom, budding rose;
and springtime knows,
yes, springtime knows
its time has come.

In shadows that the hot sun throws
the cattle graze;
the cornfield sways,
and swallows arc and bend their bows,
now high, now low,
where rivers' curling water flows;
and summer knows,
yes, summer knows
its time has come.

In storm and flood, the typhoons blow.
The danger nears
but no one hears.
The icecaps melt, the arctic snow,
seas overflow;
on drifting sands the deserts grow...
And mankind knows,
yes, mankind knows
its time has come.